NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Thirty-five Thousand Toilers Attend the New York Night Schools—Things Handy to Have in School—Practical and Sentimental Teachers—Notes.

Shall Teachers Teach?

A most perplexing problem in these days confronts teachers in our colleges and higher institutions of learning. With the growth of the universities, the advancement of science, and the minute subdivision of specialties, has arisen a demand that the departments in our colleges shall be conducted, not so much by men and women who can teach, as by those who have made reputations by advanced work in their own lines. That this trend of affairs is in many respects desirable, no one will deny. But so much stress has been laid upon this, and so much criticism has been devoted to the man who is "never heard of outside his own classroom," that it seems time to question a little whether the pendulum has not swung too far. In general, the policy of the institutions and individuals attacked on this score has been merely defensive. Most of our colleges are poor, and on this fact their line of defense has rested. Their resources have been inadequate to secure the service of extraordinary men, or the men whom they have secured have, for lack of assistance, been compelled to carry so large an amount of work in instruction that they could not find time to make or further their own reputations, or advance the knowledge of their specialties.

But a purely defensive position is never satisfactory to an ambitious man, nor does an active conscience find much comfort in a state of simple "moral solvency, with neither debits nor credits." We may not be to blame if we have been shut off by poverty from the development of brains or character; but the sense of failure is none the less a haunting one. And under this sense the exactions of public opinion now compel a great number of scholarly, ambitious, and conscientious men and women to labor.

But is the career of a teacher whose whole life work goes into his class-room necessarily a failure? No man can give incessantly without continually taking in from some source. No man can teach year after year without study. Yet no man's knowledge grows less by imparting it. What he does lose, what he must be ever recuperating, is vitality. I doubt if any man every really taught who could not say when the lesson was over, "I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." And, as in the direction of any form of energy, one must give royally, ruthlessly, if he expects to see any result. Only about 15 per cent. of the coal in a locomotive moves the train; the other 85 per cent. is lavished in overcoming friction. In some such measure must energy be lavished in teaching, and the chances are that few men have vitality to combine the functions of a leader and an original scholar. Yet the result of teaching is not less real because it is intangible. The greatest teachers of mankind have not accounted it loss. The real work of Arnold of Rugby is not affected by the fact that his Roman history is not accounted an authority. Perhaps no man ever did more for human thought than Socrates; yet he left no writings, nor would it be easy to find a single item of knowledge which we owe directly to him. That a man has attained a great reputation in his department, and has even advanced the sum of human learning, is by no means an evidence that he could fill the chair of an instructor whose name is unknown to any publication. Nor should the latter count his own life wasted because he has not done the same kind of work. The Greek student who has discovered the origin of the "ka perfect" is a scholar, and has a scholar's reward. But the office is no less of the man who can make his classes hear

"like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

"Having, then, gifts differing according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; on ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth on teaching."—New York Independent.

New York's Night Schools.

The number of pupils attending the night schools of New York City this year is estimated at 35,000. The scholars are made up of members of both sexes, and their ages range from 19 to 55. Deprived of the advantages of even a fair education through neglect or through being one of the mainstays of a large family, these pupils, now realizing the benefits of education, go into their work with heart and soul and there are no more earnest scholars in New York.

The night schools of the metropolis are divided into two general classes—high schools, of which there are four, and ward schools, numbering twenty-eight. Eighteen of the ward schools are for juniors, while seniors attend the other ten. There seems to be little desire among the young women who are obliged to work during the day for instruction in the higher branches. The course of studies is comprehensive. It includes Latin, French, Spanish, German, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, bookkeeping, higher English grammar, rhetoric and composition, political science and natural history, reading and declamation, advanced penmanship, shorthand, chemistry, anatomy and physiology and architectural, mechanical and free-hand drawing.

No student can take up more than two of these subjects. Arithmetic and bookkeeping are the most popular, followed by penmanship, shorthand and German. Nearly all of those who take up these branches do so because they hope that by mastering them they will be enabled to obtain clerical situations. In all the night school classes there are many whose energy is misdirected. Competent mechanics who will not be able to become good bookkeepers or clerks and for whom, indeed, there are no places in the business world, are plodding away night after night in the hope of getting out of the shop and into some office or store, but they are doomed to disappointment.

The Practical Teacher.

This person is one who has been sentimental, but found it did not pay. She had common sense or she would have remained lackadaisical to the end. However, she pulled herself up short, and began a thinking process, with the result of making herself over into a new woman. She began with her personal appearance. Before, she had been what she called "above such foolishness as spending time on dress and the arrangement of her coiffure." Now she insists upon having her gowns in vogue, and exquisitely fitted to her form, and, although they are made of cheap material, the color is in good taste, and there is a chicness about them that is bewitching. She takes time to arrange her coiffure becomingly, and she is au fait as to boots and gloves. You would take her for a French woman if you did not happen to know that a French woman could never be so rosy and blue-eyed as our American.

She has an exact account of every penny she earns, of every penny she intends to save for a rainy day, and of every penny she can give to charitable purposes. You think she is miserly? Well, she is not. Keeping an account is the best thing that any business woman can do to train herself to accuracy and precision.

The practical teacher used to give way to moaning and sighing and crying over the woes and failings of her own and other people's. Now she takes long walks in the open air, plays tennis, rows, or rides a bicycle instead, and finds it much better for her peace of mind and health of body. "For, after all, there's One who will see that no real evil comes to us if we strive with all our might and main to keep in the right path," says the practical teacher, "and I believe now in the gospel of cheerfulness." So she turns her mouth up at the corners, instead of down, and that is just what her mouth needed to make it pretty.

The practical teacher used to read sentimental novels a good deal, but now she takes a daily newspaper, a good school journal, and a literary review. She reads books on pedagogy for at least fifteen minutes every day, she just refuses to worry any one or to be worried by any one or anything. So, some call her heartless, but if they want to get up a club they go to her. If they want to help out some one they go to her. If they want the benefit of superior brains they go to her. And they find her heart in the right place every time. She succeeds. God bless the practical teacher.—American Journal of Education.

Handy to Have in School.

Red ink.
Colored crayons.
A bottle of mucilage.
A box of water colors.
A box of rubber bands.
Pads of paper of various shapes and qualities.
Smooth, clean, wrapping paper and a ball of twine.

Some simple remedies—a bottle of camphor for "faints" and other emergencies; a bottle of vaseline; court plaster; soft cloth for bandages; a harmless headache remedy. With these on hand, trifling ills and accidents can be attended to easily, and the child need not lose valuable time by being sent home for care.

A roll of manilla paper for making maps, charts and pictures. If you must wait to send for it when the brilliant idea seizes you, it may have fled ere you get your materials together. In buying manilla paper, as anything else, get it by the quantity.

Plenty of paper and envelopes of good quality and matched as to color and size. Teachers have been known to write notes to parents using stationery that was disgraceful—soiled, crumpled scraps of paper, dingy envelopes, or perhaps no envelopes at all—a large sheet of paper with a small envelope, necessitating much folding and creasing of the paper. All this affects the teacher's standing and reputation in the community. Many of the large cities furnish to the teachers official stationery bearing a suitable letterhead. This is only right and proper; but in places where it is not done, the teacher should see that her paper and envelopes are "above reproach."

The School Luncheon.

In addition to the generally evident ham, tongue or chicken sandwich, lettuce leaves pulled into small pieces and dipped in mayonnaise or thinly sliced cucumbers make a delicious one, then, too, anchovy paste or caviare spread between the slices of bread are very appetizing. If finely chopped meat is to be used do not spread the butter on the bread, but melt it and mix with meat and season all with Worcestershire sause, onion juice, catsup or any flavor preferred. The most important things in a cold lunch are the seasonings, and the fact that plenty of oiled paper to keep the things thoroughly separated, so that the flavor of the meat cannot reach the cake, and so on. The same meat may be used two two days in succession and yet seem very different indeed, if the seasoning is entirely changed. Cheese or hard-boiled eggs, thinly sliced or mashed, with or without mustard, are a nice change, or to mix an egg with some potted ham or turkey is excellent. Sardine sandwiches, too, are greatly in favor, while fig or peanut are among the new fancy ones. The figs are pulled to pieces and the peanuts are pounded to a fine paste or powder.

COAL OIL JOHNNY.

He Once Had Vast Wealth to Recklessly Spend.

There are few more singular instances of fool luck than may be found in the career of Coal Oil Johnny, who, under the name of John Steele, is living happily, after a most riotous career, in Nebraska. He did a number of the most foolish things imaginable and strangely had he done one less he might be a miserable beggar to-day. His life story is one of deep interest.

In December, 1857, William McClintock, owner of an almost worthless little farm on Oil Creek, in Franklin County, Pa., accompanied by his wife, went to the county poorhouse to pick out a boy for adoption, as they had already adopted from the same institution a daughter. They selected a lad 12 or 13 years old, to whom the name of John Steele had been attached—though how he got it does not appear in the record. A little more than a year later the farmer died, leaving all his small property to his widow, and she, impressed by his sudden demise with a new sense of the insecurity of life, almost immediately made her will. She bequeathed to her adopted daughter, who was her favorite, the sum of $2,000 the total sum she and her husband had, by a lifetime of frugality and toil, managed to save. To the boy, John Steele, she left the farm, which was possibly worth a couple of hundred dollars at that time. Within a few months after her execution of that instrument, on Aug. 28, 1859, Col. Drake struck oil on the first bored well, which was on the McClintock farm.

Col. Drake leased one-eighth of an acre from the Widow McClintock, for which she received one-half of the yield of the well. That contract was made in advance, when nobody had an idea of what a well might yield, and neither party to it had any monopoly of amazement when hundreds of barrels of petroleum per diem were realized. Very speedily the farm was leased in one-eighth-of-an-acre patches and dotted all over with wells. The widow was in receipt of thousands of barrels of oil every day, which she found ready sale at $12 to $15 a barrel, and the sums of money she handled were greater than she had ever before believed existed. As she had no confidence in banks, she sent down to Pittsburg for a big safe, which she crammed full of money and bonds. One evening in March, 1862, she was found charred to death in the burned ruins of her home.

As John Steele had been legally adopted, he was the natural heir to the contents of the big safe and the river of revenue from the oil-producing farm his possession of which was further fortified by the widow's will, made before the change in her fortune. This sudden acquisition of enormous wealth turned his head, not all at once, but speedily. He wished to find in enjoyment of it an intensified consciousness of its reality, but was too ignorant to do so in any intelligent way. He married the daughter of one of his workmen, and she taught him to write his name in a laborious, mechanical way, and that was all he ever learned of the art and mystery of letters. She tried to keep him straight, but he knew too little to comprehend self-respect, felt himself too rich to be trammelled by conventionalities or to care for the opinions of others, and thirsted for a riotous excess of sensuous gratification, the highest pleasure he was capable of.

Only a few months after his marriage he went away to Philadelphia, taking with him a boon companion named Slocum, whose assigned duty was the carrying of his money and paying it out as he chose to squander it. The life of prodigality and uncontrolled dissipation into which he plunged was so wild as to be almost beyond belief. He ordered champagne, not by the bottle, but by the basket. He gave a $5,000 diamond to a negro minstrel for singing a song that pleased him. He frequently bought carriages and the teams attached when he wished to ride a few blocks, and then presented them to the drivers. On one occasion he wagered a bottle of wine that he would spend, actually paying out "for fun," and not giving away, $10,000 a day for 60 days, and won the bottle. At another time he received a large sum of money from the rentals on the farm when he was on the street and quite drunk. It was in bank notes, as he always required it, checks being objects of suspicion with him, and when he had stuffed it into his pockets they bulged out like those of an urchin after a raid on an apple orchard. His coat could not set well on him, padded with money as he was, and he was disgusted. Just then he caught sight of a bank, and, rushing into it with the airy formality of "Here, take care of this d—d stuff for me. It's a nuisance," dumped the whole pile before the receiving teller and went away ere that functionary could take breath or gather his wits sufficiently to give any evidence of the deposit. And when Coal Oil Johnny, as John Steele was by this time known, tried in a brief spasm of sobriety, to remember where he had left all that money, he was quite unable to do so. And, he decided, to hunt it up would involve more trouble than it was worth. Its loss did not worry him at all.

Suddenly his wealth came to an end. He had succeeded in squandering even more than his vast income, and was in debt. Of course, he had been plundered mercilessly, right and left, but had literally thrown away several fortunes, and creditors, scenting his downfall, were pressing him. He mortgaged the farm for a large sum, and plunged afresh into even wilder extravagance and more reckless dissipation than before, but with less to go upon, and the end came quickly. His mad career was over.

After a while he obtained employment as a freight handler for $25 a month, but this was insufficient for the support of the family, and his wife by disposing of some of her jewelry raised money sufficient to take them to Nebraska. He settled at Ashland, where he became a freight hand at the railroad station and in which his son had secured the position of ticket agent. Once more a gleam of his old luck came into his life. In some way the directors of that Philadelphia bank in which he had made his informal deposit 30 years before learned of the condition of the Steele family away out in Nebraska, of the total reformation of Coal Oil Johnny's habits and the manly struggle he was making to atone for the past. Having assured themselves of the identification of their erratic depositor, they made up his account and forwarded to him the sum left in their charge, with interest from the date of its deposit. How much it was is known only to those concerned, but it is believed to have been somewhere about $80,000, probably more rather than less. With that money 700 acres of choice farming land near Ashland were purchased and a good house erected, with barns, outhouses, excellent fences, etc. Mrs. Steele is in charge of affairs; but her husband needs no guardian, for Coal Oil Johnny has lived down the temptations of the past and is to-day a model man.

Simple Method.

The best means of making children gentle and polite is to treat them gently and politely. It is especially true in manners that nothing teaches like example. Educational News prints a dialogue which bears happily upon this point:

A mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her 6-year-old. From being rough, noisy and discourteous, he had suddenly become one of the gentlest and most considerate little fellows in the world. He was attending the kindergarten, and his mother naturally inferred that the change was somehow due to his teacher's instruction.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite?" she remarked, in a tone or interrogation.

"No," said the boy, "she never says a word about it."

The mother was puzzled, and all the more when further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had ever given her pupils lessons in good breeding.

"Well, then," the mother asked, finally, "if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?"

"She doesn't do anything," persisted the boy. "She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—as anything."

That was all he could tell about it, and his mother began to see through the mystery.

Near Enough.

The excitement of lion shooting may be appreciated from a bit of experience reported to me by Captain Melliss. He was in Somaliland. Two lionesses had been found, and the captain had fired at one of them, but she had started away, leaving him uncertain whether he had hit her. He hurried in pursuit, and just when he was thoroughly out of breath, he came upon her sitting upon her haunches and looking very angry.

I walked slowly toward her, trying to recover my wind, and when within about fifty yards I fired. Without appearing to feel the shot, she charged at once across the open ground that lay between us.

I stood up and waited for her, keeping the muzzles pointed below her mouth as well as I could. I had time to notice that she seemed somewhat disabled in the hind quarters; also that my second gun was nowhere near.

I let her come within a dozen yards, and then fired. The smoke hid everything for a moment. "Has she got me?" was the thought that flashed through me as I stepped aside.

No! There she was, staggering back on her haunches, with jaws wide open, not many paces away.

Stepping back I reloaded, and another bullet knocked her over dead.

How to Make Good Servants.

Some women, in fact a whole lot of women, have great heads. Here's how a lady who has to manage a good many servants coaches them, the story coming from her own lips: "Whenever a society play comes to town I engage ten seats in the balcony and send my entire staff of servants to witness the performance. I do this because I find that the servants in these productions have far better manners than any of the other actors in the production, and I have found that my servants learn more by witnessing one of these performances than I could teach them by moral suasion in the course of a month. When 'The Butterflies' was produced I had just engaged a new butler. He was a country lad, but clever. I used to send him to every matinee performance, with instructions to watch every detail of the performance of Frank Lamb. Within a month I had an ideal butler." If the stage can solve the servant girl problem it will be appreciated more than ever.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

To descant on those topics financial of old
The merchant grows daily more loth;
Nor tries to distinguish twixt silver and gold,
But joyfully hustles for both.
—Washington Star.

After a girl's steady moves away, she begins to take less interest in pinning up pressed leaves, and otherwise decorating the parlor.

Marriage has one good effect on a man; it causes him to quit chewing tobacco at least three weeks.

FISH FIGHT WITH ELECTRICITY.

Nature Has Provided Some Species with a Storage Battery.

Perhaps one of the most interesting, as well as the most inexplicable, means of protection with which nature has provided any animal is that of electricity. My attention was called to this some few years ago in England on the occasion of a visit to the aquarium at Brighton. An electric fish was on exhibition. In the same room was a family of young alligators. The tanks were side by side, and some miscreant, unobserved, managed to drop an alligator into the tank of the fish. The consequence was the utter prostration of the reptile.

There are three genera of fishes which possess the power of delivering an electric shock—the torpedo the electric cat fish or electric sheath fish and the electric eel. The torpedoes are rays and are distributed over the Atlantic and Indian oceans. It is said that individuals reach the weight of eighty and even a hundred pounds. The electric cat fish or sheath fish belongs to the siluridae, as also does the cat fish of American streams, is a native of tropical Africa, and attains a length of four feet.

The electric eel, or, to call it by a less misleading name, the gymnatus, is a native of the marshes of Brazil and Guiana. The electric apparatus extends down each side of the lower part of the tail, and the shock delivered by one of the largest fish, five or six feet in length, is capable of killing the most powerful animal. Humboldt has graphically described his experience with these strange creatures, and reports that certain roads were abandoned because of the number of horses destroyed by the fish in the pools on the route.

The Indians secure them for food by driving horses into the water, and on these the fish exhaust their power, often killing the horses by their shocks. When the faculty of delivering an electric shock is exhausted the gymnotus draws near to the bank to avoid the plunging quadrupeds, and falls an easy victim to the Indian's harpoon.—New York Evening Post.

Paper Sails.

Yachting circles are talking of sails made of compressed paper, the sheets being cemented and riveted together in such a way as to form a smooth and strong seam. The first process of manufacturing consists in preparing the pulp in the regular way, adding to it a certain proportion of glue, alum, soluble glass and tallow. Next the pulp it made into sheets by regular paper-making machinery, and two sheets are pressed together with a glutinous compound between, so as to retain the pieces firmly. A specially built machine of great power is used in compressing the paper from a thick, sticky sheet to a very thin, tough one. The now solid sheet is run through a bath of sulphuric acid, to which 10 per cent. of distilled water has been added, from which it emerges to pass between glass rollers, then through a bath of ammonia, then clear water, and finally through felt rollers, after which it is dried and polished between heated metal cylinders. The paper resulting from this process is in sheets of ordinary width and thickness of cotton duck; it is elastic, airtight, durable, light, and possessed of other needed qualifications to make it available for light sailmaking. The mode of putting the sheets together is by having a split on the edges of the sheet, or cloth, so as to admit the edge of the other sheet. When the split is closed, cemented or sewed, it closes completely and firmly.

Humming Birds and Frosty Weather.

Probably the most wonderful example of avian indifference to frost, or rather the want of effect of the coldest water on birds' legs, is exemplified in the habits of the humming birds of America. The diminutive size of these creatures and the delicacy of their bones and whole nervous system are notorious.

The broad-tailed species (Trochylus platycercus), is no larger than one of our common bumblebees. Some years ago, when Doctor Merriam, chief of the ornithological section of the American Agricultural Department, was on a scientific expedition in the mountain regions of San Francisco, he encountered flocks of hundreds of these beautiful little creatures, and he described their habits in a bulletin which he issued in 1890.

They wake up very early in the morning, says Doctor Merriam, and go to water at daylight, no matter how cold the weather is. During the month of August, when the mornings were often frosty, hundreds of them came to the spring to drink and to bathe at break of day. They would drop down to their water, dip their feet and bellies, and rise and shoot away as if propelled by an unseen power.

And yet these pigmy birds are essentially creatures of flower and sunshine. Truly, the mysteries of bird life are, in many respects, mysterious, and, apparently, past finding out.

Neatly Turned.

It was the custom in Scotch parishes for the minister to bow to the laird's pew before beginning his discourse. On one occasion, the pew contained a bevy of ladies, and the minister, feeling a delicacy in the circumstances, omitted the usual salaam. When they next met, the laird's daughter, widely famed for her beauty, rallied the minister for not bowing to her from the pulpit. "Your ladyship forgets," replied the minister, "that the worship of angels is not allowed by the Scotch Church."

A Deep Mine.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal.; depth, 2,200 feet.

ORIGIN OF PNEUMATIC TIRES.

An Irish Doctor Invented Them to Preserve His Son's Health.

Very few of the hundreds of thousands of cyclists who now enjoy the pastime on an up-to-date safety shod with pneumatic tires have an idea from what a crude contrivance those same air-cushions on wheels have been evolved. Pneumatic tires were invented in 1889 by J. B. Dunlop, a horse doctor, of Belfast, Ireland. He had a son who rode a tricycle and who in his indulgence had developed a nervous trouble. The veterinary concluded that the boy's disorder was due solely to the jolting of the wheels, and, planning to do away with the objections, so that the lad might continue his exercise, he hit upon the idea of putting air cushions on the wheels.

With only such material as he had at hand for use in doctoring equine invalids, he set to work. Using a broomstick as a mandrel, he wrapped it spirally with linen bandages. Next he took some rubber sheets and solutioned them around the linen. The ends also he fastened with rubber solution. He inserted a valve a little better than a plug, and, putting it on the wheels, started his son away on the first pneumatic tires.

It was quickly found that the rough-and-ready style of fabric would not hold air, and so an inner sheath of pure rubber was tried. The valve was vulcanized to this inner tube in such a way that in the event of any trouble with the valve an entirely new air sheath was the only remedy. Flat rims were in use at the time, and the tires were fastened to the rim by a strip of muslin which came out with the free edges from the under side of the tires. These ends were wrapped around the rim and vulcanized to it. The linen completely covered the rim, effectually concealing its material. Tires such as these were used for a couple of years. They weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds a pair, and a puncture in one of them was about as serious a matter as a broken frame is at the present time.—New York Times.

Kangaroos.

The advent of civilized man to a new country usually leads to the diminution, and ultimately to the extinction, of any large wild animals that exist in vast numbers, and either possess a pelt that is of no value to the hunter or eat up the food which man intends for his own domesticated cattle. Thus the buffalo has become practically extinct in the United States, and the reckless, indiscriminate slaughter of the fur-bearing seals of Alaska has led to a serious reduction in the number of those valuable creatures. But in Australia everything is so topsy-turvy and so contrary to experience that it was only to be expected that the wild animals of that country should increase in numbers after the arrival of the white man. And so, indeed, it was in the early days of the settlement of the continent. Owing to the gradual extermination of the "black fellow," or Australian aboriginal, and of the dingo, or wild dog, his two principal enemies, the kangaroo multiplied exceedingly and threatened to eat up the grass wanted for the support of the sheep. How rapidly this increase took place is shown by the fact that a large sheep run in Queensland was bought with forty thousand sheep upon it, and in a few years, more than forty thousand marsupials of various species were killed there.

A Woodpecker's Instinct.

In California the woodpecker's stores acorns away, though he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for it, but he does not eat the nut, for as a rule he is no vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than instinct. The following winter the acorn remains intact, but incoming saturated is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by tiny worms, that seem to delight in this kind of diet. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would find it hard to get food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, yet there may not be an oak tree within seven miles.

A Sevenfold Misfortune.

The adage that "misfortunes never come singly" seems to be illustrated in a dialogue which we find in the Texas Siftings:

"You don't tell me that Professor A. has been struck dumb?"

"He has."

"And wasn't he master of seven languages?"

"He was."

"And is it possible that he was struck dumb in all seven? How extraordinary!"

Proud Sister.

It is always pleasant to see a sister radiantly happy over her brother's success. An exchange reports an instance:

May—Just think, Bob is playing on the Yale foot-ball team!

Clara—That's jolly. What is he, half-back or quarter-back?

May—Neither. He's a drawback. Charley Pruyenne says he's the greatest drawback the team ever had.

When you are busy, and a drunken man comes around to tell how smart he is, no patent medicine can cure you of that tired feeling.